MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VIII. NOVEMBER, 1913 No. 9

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MOTHER EARTH

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NOTICE OF REMOVAL

MOTHER EARTH has removed from the old office at 55 West 28th Street to more spacious quarters at 74 West 119th Street, between Lenox and Fifth Avenues.

Our new location enables us to fill the long-felt need of many of our comrades and friends; namely to meet those who are engaged during the day, till 7.30 P. M., and Sundays in the forenoon.

The change has involved a considerable expense, and we suggest to our friends that now is the time to pay us a visit, or to communicate by mail, to renew their subscriptions and place orders for literature. We have on hand a large supply of Anarchist publications and of the Modern Drama, which will be disposed of at reduced rates.

We shall be glad to see our friends in our new place.

(Phone, Harlem 6194.)

ATAVARS OF A REBEL

A FAT man said that he was God when we lived in the red clay hills.
He had the pick of our womankind and we gave him the cream of our kills.
One day I punched the marrow fat from the bones of a big buck deer.
The fat man said, "Divide with me, or I'll curse your club and spear."
I shouted, "Hunt for yourself, or starve, as our fathers have decreed
That man should starve who would not hunt, but stole another's need."
He started to call a thunder bolt to strike me as I spoke,
But I cracked his nose and smashed an ear with my staff of knotted oak.
The tribesmen came to his coward cries and bound my hands and feet,
Then tossed me out on the jungle's edge to be the tiger's meat.
I died, for I had hurt their God and a grievous sin was mine;
But afterward they drowned him, having learned he was not divine.
When we were busy making bricks 'neath Egypt's torrid sun
An overseer struck a girl. I stabbed him, tried to run.
They caught me and they killed me, but the sweaty bond-slaves cheered,
And later Moses led them out, since they no longer feared.
I was the unrepentant thief that saw how Jesus bled.
I stayed by Henrik Hudson when my sneaking ship-mates fled.
I planned the raid on the tea-ship's hold that day in Boston town,
And later, atop of Bunker Hill, a redcoat cut me down.
I rode ahead of the Klu Klux Klan when the carpet-baggers came;
They hanged me for killing a constable, and the boys said I went game.
Now I am here in a white-washed cell, with the 'lectric chair ahead,
And it's just what I looked forward to when I shot the mine boss dead.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THERE are things that neither time nor space can wipe out. The lapse of even a quarter of a century has not paled the memory of our Chicago comrades that suffered death at the hands of the American Pilates. Martyrdom survives. To-day, twenty-six years after the judicial murder of the 11th of November, 1887, the prophecy of Spies is truer than ever: "Our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle to-day." In the persons of Albert Parsons, August Spies, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, Louis Lingg, Samuel Fielden, Oscar Schwab, Anarchy was on trial, as the prosecuting attorney, Grinnell, class-consciously put it. They, the Anarchists, carried the spirit of dissatisfaction among the toilers; they woke the sleepy and inspired the meek. They gave a new vision to the workers, and pointed the way of greater liberty and well-being. And "the poor heard them gladly."

Intrenched capital felt the menace of having such disturbers in the midst of their slaves. "The Anarchists must die." If ever there was a conscious conspiracy of legal assassination, it was in this case, when the Citizens' Alliance of Chicago, representing the moneyed interests combined with the authorities of Cook County, Illinois, and with the press to murder the Chicago Anarchists in order to "make an example and save society," in the words of Grinnell.

The court records of the case bear out the truth of the above. It was on the strength of them that John P. Altgeld, then Governor of Illinois, released Fielden, Neebe, and Schwab. But the others had been murdered, and could no more be given back to life.

But are they really dead? The complete emancipation of labor they were the first to advocate in America, the spirit of social revolution they carried to the workers, and the revolutionary tactics of initiative and direct action, are these dead? Verily, martyrdom survives, and the silence of the grave is more effective than the voices strangled.

WHATEVER pessimists may say of the American workers, one thing is certain: they have profited by their former struggles and have learned the necessity of newer and more effective methods of warfare.

The time is past when the workers looked upon the armed hirelings of capital as their friends and "protectors of life and property." In the great Homestead strike of 1892 the millmen made the fatal mistake of welcoming with banner and drum the militia sent to shoot down the rebellious slaves. Times have changed. To-day labor has at least learned to recognize friend from enemy. The miners of Colorado, for instance, are giving the invading Hessians of capital—the State militia—the reception befitting the occasion. As Comrade August Spies so well said, "dynamite is the diffusion of power." The robber barons of Colorado and their murderous militia have suddenly been forced to realize that "law and order" is not all on their side. Dynamite is the disseminator of "authority," and part of the latter is now in the hands of the workers. That somewhat equalizes the opportunities. And it's democratic, too; in consonance with the "spirit of our institutions."

In Indianapolis also the striking car-men have learned the need of "diffusing" the power of the masters by applying some of it at their own end. They have neglected to send a petition to their State lawmakers; they have even scorned to wait for a Congressional investigation to decide how much milk their babies should be allowed to have. Instead they are putting up an actual fight, a most effective direct action fight, it seems, to gain their demands for a more decent wage.

Insurrection, like measles, is catching; and solidarity, like dynamite, has a way of "diffusing." The rebellious spirit of the car-men of Indianapolis has carried infection to the most unexpected quarters—the police of that city. A squad of thirty patrolmen and fifty more police of the force refused to ride on the cars and protect the scabs; they preferred to lose their jobs rather than fight on the side of the car company. Still more significant is the stand of the Mayor of Indianapolis in sustaining the rebellious police in their solidarity with labor.

The Indianapolis Police Department no doubt has in

its midst men who realize that they too are proletarian children, and that their proper place is on the side of the toilers.

We heartily recommend their example to wider circles, and may the workers never forget that in their great struggle for emancipation faint-heartedness and weakness are the worst and only crime. Their inherent economic power can accomplish all things if the unified workers but will.

* * *

IT was during the Lawrence strike that, for the first time in the history of this country, the children of the striking silk workers were sent to neighboring cities to enjoy the hospitality and care of sympathetic hearts, thus helping their parents to continue their brave struggle against degrading conditions and starvation wages. It was a beautiful, inspiring spectacle of labor solidarity, a most practical and at the same time ideal demonstration of the motto, "An injury to one is the concern of all."

Later on the good example was followed in the Paterson strike, and now the transport workers of Dublin, Ireland, who have been on strike since September, are giving a similar expression to the spirit of the international brotherhood of the workers. Terrible as must be the need of striking fathers and mothers to induce them to separate, even temporarily, with their beloved children, it is yet an inspiring sign of the deepening bonds of sympathy and mutual aid in the ranks of international labor.

No wonder the exploiters regard such methods with strong disapproval. It is a "sensational bid for public sympathy" thus to call the atention of the world to the poverty-stricken condition of the strikers. Besides, their "hands" are well paid, and all the trouble is caused by some foreign agitators. Above all, it is "inhuman" towards the dear little children of the workers to be taken away from home and parental care.

Thus speak the employers in Lawrence, Paterson, and Dublin. They even call the priest and policeman to aid them in preventing, by persuasion and force, the children from being taken care of by sympathizers of the strikers. They fear nothing more than such demonstrations of the growing intelligence, initiative and co-operation on the part of the workers.

The solidarity of international labor is the greatest menace to the exploiters.

* * *

THE authorities of Los Angeles are by degrees preparing the country for the planned liberation of Ortie McManigal, the police stool-pigeon and labor Judas who was instrumental in sending the McNamara brothers to San Quentin prison and thirty-three other union labor officials to Leavenworth penitentiary. Every little while they cause the press to report the mysterious "disappearance" of McManigal from the Los Angeles jail and his "departure by temporary permission" for some unknown purpose.

The explanation of all this "mystery" is that McManigal is soon to receive his complete liberty by way of a pardon. To the initiated it will be no surprise, however. McManigal must be rewarded for having enabled the Burns detectives to send the labor men to prison. The government has made a bargain with the self-confessed murderer; according to the terms of that bargain, he is soon to be released. But organized labor will not forget the treatment its representatives received at the hands of the authorities and that the police tool is rewarded for his despicable work.

* * *

IN Russia there still walks the medieval ghost pointing its finger at the Jews and charging them with "ritual murder." Preposterous as the accusation is, and frequently exploded as it has been by the careful investigation of Gentile scientists, theologians, historians, and physicians, it still persists. With good reason. The Russian Church and government have systematically cultivated in "the faithful" the spirit of racial hatred and bitter religious fanaticism, especially against the Jews. It has always been the subtle policy of the Russian authorities to use racial prejudice and antagonisms as a safety valve for popular dissatisfaction or a threatened uprising. The Tsar, head of the Russian Church, and his government are directly responsible for the *pogroms*

and "ritual murder" trials that still curse that unfortunate, strange country, whose people have given to the world such sublime devotion to ideals, such noble martyrdom, together with unrivaled literary expression from the depths of the human heart, and who yet at the same time horrify the world with deeds of blackest superstition and brutal ignorance.

* * *

IT required an ingenious Frenchman to give the world a unique application of direct action methods. M. Cochon, known as the "guardian angel" of the poor of Paris and the terror of the landlords, adopted a new and effective way of calling public atention to the outrageous treatment meeted out to needy persons with large families by the owners of the Paris tenements.

At the head of a procession of a dozen large handcarts loaded with the household goods of several homeless families, Cochon arrived in the Place de l'Opéra at a time when traffic in the streets was at its densest. He gained a splendid strategic position in the famous Place and tipped over every handcart, strewing the street with bedsteads, wardrobes, chairs, tables, pots and pans. In a few minutes traffic was completely tied up. Crowds of several thousand persons gathered and cheered Cochon and his protegées. Cochon then addressed a huge crowd which blocked the boulevards, denouncing the iniquities of the Paris landlords.

The well-fed, self-satisfied pharisee has a constitutional aversion to any "unseemly" spectacle. The sight of abject misery and homeless poverty is unpleasant to him. It disturbs one's digestion, especially when one considers that misery is apt to become reckless and has even been known to resort to desperate acts. Such things are not to be encouraged. Others might emulate Cochon's example, and dump not only their wretched household goods in the fashionable streets, but even carry their naked misery into the very mansions of the "better" classes. Oh, for the good old days when the common people knew their place and never forgot to be respectful!

THE annual reunion of the MOTHER EARTH family has grown to be the most unique and interesting event of its kind in the radical circles of New York City. Various elements gather on that occasion, not so much because of unity of ideas, but because of the freedom and joyous good-fellowship that greets our friends.

The affair of October 18 has demonstrated even better than our former reunions the great longing for free expression that we all feel and that is so hard to give vent to within the limits of conventional life. Indeed, so enjoyable was the *camaraderie* that every one stayed until the wee hours of the morning, leaving reluctantly, in the hope that we may soon meet again.

Nor did our friends, we are glad to say, forget in their enjoyment the more serious side of life. They contributed generously to two collections, one for the case of William Boyd, convicted of preaching sabotage; the other, for the Anarchist Red Cross, to aid the prisoners in Siberia.

Our friends will be pleased to learn that because of the unusual success of the affair of the 18th October, we have decided on a Christmas Eve Dance, that is to take place Wednesday, December 24th, at Mt. Morris Hall, 1364 Fifth Avenue, between 113th and 114th Streets.

* * *

NEW JERSEY, with its barbaric past and its antiquated rulings in all matters of libertarian character, has always presented a barren aspect to us. It was therefore with some misgiving that we consented to address two meetings in Trenton.

Our readers will appreciate our surprise when we found that 800 people in the afternoon of October 26th, and 1,200 in the evening, turned out to listen to the lectures on "Anarchism" and the "Modern Drama." Still greater was our surprise at the splendid spirit which greeted the most radical utterances of Comrade Emma Goldman.

Not enough praise can be given to the originator of the meetings, Comrade V. L. Groot, and to Jules Scarceriaux and the other comrades who helped so faithfully.

The Trenton papers may now froth with venom over

the unheard-of thing that so many "natives" should be interested in Anarchistic ideas and literature. They will not do away with the fact that the ice of prejudice has been broken and that Anarchistic propaganda from now on will continue to assert itself in one of New Jersey's strongholds.

* * *

IN the death of William Hampe the Anarchist movement has lost a quiet and unassuming but ardent worker.

Worn with the grind of industrialism, added to the horrors of his own trade as baker, he went to Home Colony in the hope of finding there free expression and comparative economic independence. But our good Comrade, like many others who believe in getting back to the land, forgot that the whip of capitalism is omnipresent. Without the necessary means to extract from the earth even a meagre sustenance, life in the Colony proved ever a greater grind than in the shop.

Thus William Hampe paid the price in his attempt to cut loose from the capitalist Moloch. Incessant work, coupled with the dampness of Puget Sound, undermined his once sturdy physique, and after two years of intense suffering our Comrade died at Home Colony, October 22nd.

THE LESSON OF CHICAGO

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL

ONCE again we approach the day of martyrs. Our thoughts are irresistibly drawn towards the Lake of Michigan, where in the City of Mammon and exploitation our brothers breathed their last on the historic Eleventh of November. At the behest of the ruling class of Chicago they were murdered in the Cook County jail. The cowards and dupes of the laboring class acquiesced in the five-fold murder, and scoundrelism reigned supreme.

Brothers and sisters, let us beware of the wise soothsayers in the labor movement who appear each year to assure us that by commemorating the day of the execution of our comrades we imitate the Church which honors its alleged saints.

Parsons, Lingg, Engel, Spies and Fischer died for our cause; they lost their lives spreading our ideals and our inspiration. If in honoring the memory of these men we commit the crime of idolatry, let us plead guilty.

The sceptical critic who does not perceive the significance of this day, is beyond redemption. We are indeed aware that before and after November Eleventh men and women in every part of the world have sacrificed their lives by the hundreds and thousands for the good of humanity. But we also know that that infamous scoundrel Gary spoke the truth when in overruling the motion for a new trial he declared: "This case is without precedent. There is no example in the law books of a case of this sort. No such occurrence has ever happened before in the history of the world."

Verily the infamy of the five-fold murder is without parallel. It rang the death knell of the judicial system.

Yes, we plead guilty. We try to emulate our martyred comrades in their work and deeds—unworthy as we may otherwise be.

* * * * *

But what shall we say to those youthful wiseacres in the labor movement who, proud of their knowledge acquired in the School of Ignorance, fancy they have reached a better understanding of the social question than our comrades had in their hour of struggle; those clay-footed heroes who imagine that their methods in the fight with capitalism are far superior to those of the revolutionary workers of twenty-six years ago.

In reading the speeches of our comrades delivered on the threshold of death, and in glancing over the history of the famous trial by Dyer D. Lum, I am again and again impressed with the deep knowledge of these men, their broad vision, their intellectual attainment, and especially with their sound judgment of the social question. In what have we improved on them? Compare their speeches with those delivered by Clarence Darrow in the trials of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone; with those in his own trial, and with those of Ettor and Giovannitti at their trial in Lawrence. Neither Darrow nor Ettor and Giovannitti added a single

item of sociological, intellectual, or economic worth to the speeches of our comrades. The uncompromising attitude of the Chicago Anarchists before the court cannot be surpassed. Jack Whyte's defiance of the judge in San Diego is merely an echo of the terrific thunder of Louis Lingg. Has the preamble of any organization improved on the program of the Anarchistic Working People's Party founded in 1883, at Pittsburg:

Destruction of the existing class rule by all means: by energetic, relentless, revolutionary and international action.

Establishment of a free society based upon a co-operative system of production.

Free exchange of equivalent products, by and between the productive organizations, without commerce and profit-mongery.

Organization of education on a secular, scientific and equal basis for both sexes.

Equal rights for all, without distinction of sex or race.

Regulation of all public affairs by free contracts between the autonomous independent communes and associations, resting on a federalistic basis.

Furthermore, the great railroad strike in 1877, the strike in East St. Louis, the strikes in Hockey Valley and in Monongahela Valley, the lock-out of the girls in the Merrimac Mills in Connecticut—struggles in which our comrades took such a prominent part, were not surpassed in their intensity, in the ferocity of the enemy, nor in the solidarity of the workers by the strikes at Lawrence, Little Falls or Paterson.

In these days of cheap sensationalism and intellectual prostitution we are accustomed to sneers at the antiquated tactics of Anarchists. But we wish our critics would demonstrate where and how they have improved on our theory and methods as preached and propagated by our Chicago comrades and by the Anarchists since then. August Spies' words are as true to-day as they were twenty-six years ago:

> We have interpreted to the people their conditions and relations in society. We have explained to them the different social phenomena and the social laws and circumstances under which they occur. We have, by way of scientific investigation,

incontrovertibly proved and brought to their knowledge that the system of wages is the root of the present social iniquities—iniquities so monstrous that they cry to heaven. We have further said that the wage system, as a specific form of social development, would, by the necessity of logic, have to give way to higher forms of civilization; that the wage system must furnish the foundation for a social system of co-operation—that is, Socialism. That whether this or that theory, this or that scheme regarding future arrangements were accepted was not a matter of choice, but one of historical necessity, and that to us the tendency of progress seemed to be Anarchism—that is, a free society without kings or classes—a society of sovereigns in which liberty and economic equality of all would furnish an unshakable equilibrium as a foundation for natural order.

That our method and theory has proved to be correct, we see to-day. The spread of Anarchist ideas we can follow in all directions. In the ranks of the ruling class we witness a general disintegration. A daily which in 1887 howled for the blood of our comrades, writes now: "Recent events * * * invite the inquiry whether there is any law that anybody can understand; whether there is any law that its most powerful ministers can be made to recognize; whether there is any law that does not hang upon whim, caprice, or prejudice, and whether there is any law that cannot be twisted to meet the views of its expounders on the bench as well as at the bar."

And this from the New York *World!*

POLITICAL HUCKSTERS

By Alexander Berkman

THE political hucksters are tremendously busy these days. True, they have nothing to offer to the people save a few rotten planks, as breakable as the proverbial ante-election promises. But what's the odds! The art of the huckster is to make one buy the things he doesn't want, and the business of the politician is to persuade the people that they won't be happy till he gets his office.

And so it goes merrily on. One gang of grafters supersedes another in an endless round of elections, and no one's the wiser except the politicians. The good citizen

piously casts his little paper in the box and goes his way, and whatever party wins he plods on as before, and all remains as it was. Only taxes grow higher, the cost of necessaries goes up, and ends are harder to meet. And the worker, the actual producer who pays the bill, he keeps on wondering how the change of masters is going to help fill his market basket and—continues to toil for his masters.

Nor does the Socialst politician help extricate the workers from the dilemma. On the contrary, he still further complicates and confounds the real issues by promising the people a land flowing with honey and milk, if they would only worship that mysterious thing called Socialism as their sole divinity. Its high priests will already see to it that the capitalist is legislated out of existence, and new, Socialist laws will decree well-being and joy for all. For the Socialist politicians have no quarrel with the law, provided it is made by honest Socialists, and administered and executed by good party members, in order that "the will of the people may triumph."

But "the will of the people" is beginning to show unmistakable signs of law diarrhoea. They have had too much of that diet. The workers especially are manifesting a tendency to rebel against the masters even of their own choosing. They are awakening to the possibilities of being their own masters. They are gaining confidence in their own initiative and developing their intelligence and power, as producers, to make their will operative directly, by virtue of labor being the sole creator of all wealth.

That is the significance of direct action methods that are now applied with ever greater frequency and determination in every struggle of labor—and labor will teach the rest of the world that the affairs of the people are the people's affairs, to be regulated individually and collectively by themselves, without the interference of even Socialist law and Socialist politicians.

While this consciousness is growing throughout the world in the industrial life, it seems to take also a political turn in Mexico. In the recent presidential elections there the people seem to have deliberately abstained from exercising their privilege of choosing a new set of rulers

Consternation in the camp of politicians. The governments of Europe and America even are growing anxious. If the ballot sheep refuse to be corraled in the shearing booths, how in the name of Moloch are you going to get their wool? Why, government could not exist a day if the people were to refuse recognition and support! And the industrial barons—how are they to skin the cattle if the brutes refuse to abide by the rules laid down for skinning them?

You can't sit on a fellow's back if he persists in standing up straight, and if the workers will no longer bend in supplication to earthly divinities and straighten their backs in the very holy of holies—the temple of authority—the whole laborious framework of exploitation and robbery will fall to the ground.

Sad days are in store for the high priests of law and life.

OUR MORAL CENSORS

By Emma Goldman

THE period in human history known as the dark ages still continues to conjure up pictures of horrors, of religious censorship and persecution.

To-day we are passing through a similar stage which, though perhaps not as violent as the past, is still full of bigotry, persecution and outrageous imposition. It is our moral censorship.

Both the old and the new are closely related to each other. Both spring from the religious, especially Christian, mania of the only true God and the only pure faith. A mania that has been back of the Inquisition of the past and is responsible for the moral censorship of to-day.

This spirit can no longer inflict physical pain with implements of torture, but it can rob you of your livelihood, drive you out of town, send you to prison for years, and can inflict mental tortures harder to bear for the modern man than physical pain was for the heretic of the past.

Indeed, there is any number of good people—judges,

preachers, social workers and other old maids of both genders—who would, if they could, inaugurate a reign of terror, depicted in the great American classic, "The Scarlet Letter." Nor would they hesitate to make the modern Hester Prynne pay the same terrible price as the heroine in Hawthorne's novel.

More than one Hester Prynne has already had the scarlet letter "A" branded on her breast, and many more would be exposed to the same degradation, if our professional moralists would dare go so far.

That the spirit of perverse cruelty to persecute and humiliate human beings for no other offence except that they lead their own lives, is making itself felt even to-day, no one familiar with the activity of our moral censors can possibly deny.

Only the other day it was suggested in the newspapers that prostitutes should be publicly flogged to cure them from "their evil tendencies."

A similar heroic was recently performed in San Francisco. Barbary Coast, the erstwhile home of prostitution, was closed by the police, and the unfortunate girls scattered to the winds. As to what becomes of them is not the concern of our moralists. They are above human considerations.

Already that brutal act has borne fruit. One of the girls atempted suicide, and then it was learned that 400 other girls had decided upon the same course, because of their utterly destitute state. On the other hand, those of them who still cling to life, will find quarters in the so-called respectable part of the city, and all of San Francisco will become a Barbary Coast.

Time and again the ghosts, as Ibsen calls our social wrongs, have been hidden in our social closets, locked away behind iron bars and driven into hiding places. But again and again they have crawled from their graves, spreading infectious disease and social epidemics.

As it is in life, so it is in the various phases of life expressed in art. The sincere dramatist and writer, whose inspiration is human nature with its ebb and tide of passion and longing, will never be deterred by moral pigmies from placing his observations before the world. And those who have nothing to say, who are crude and unreal in their portrayal, will be of less danger to man-

kind if given a chance to be heard than if their works are suppressed. That was certainly borne out by the stupid attempt to censor the "Lure" and the "Fight" and to suppress the *Suffragette*.

Had the police and the newspapers kept their hands out of the pie, the plays could have existed but a very brief period, so utterly unreal, crude and inartistic are they. But thanks to our moral idiots the plays have had a phenomenal run. The same holds good of the leading paper of the English militants. Had Saint Anthony not meddled with the sale of the *Suffragette*, no one outside of the suffrage ladies' inner circle would have learned anything from the wisdom of Christabel Pankhurst. Truth is that she has out-Comstocked Comstock in her "Plain Facts About a Great Evil." Her narrow, limited attitude towards life and towards prostitution should net her a medal from the Purity League, but the moment Comstock laid his dirty paws on the paper, the *Suffragette* sold like hot cakes. Therein lies the result of moral censorship: it creates a perverted curiosity that the frankest and ablest discussion could never produce.

Yet when our authors and dramatists are confronted with the menace of moral censorship, they, instead of making a defiant stand, go down on their knees and declare for the "highest kind" of morality, although they must know that real art has no more to do with good or bad than nature has. Both are beyond good or evil; their function is life, and the latter is entirely too complex, too limitless, too subtle, to permit of any moral yardstick of value.

Bearing in mind the play-making calibre of the Veillers the Scarboroughs and their ilk, one is not at all surprised at their weak-kneed protestations. But what is one to think of the author of "Hagar Revelly"? Mr. Daniel Carson Goodman has made a commendable attempt, at least, at a real social novel, and while the work is uneven and inadequate from a literary point of view, it yet proves him to be free from the moral hypocrisy of the ordinary American writer. Yet when the antiquated Comstock sweeps down upon the publisher, Mitchell Kennerley, and in open daylight commits highway rob-

bery in stealing the plates and copies of the book, Mr. Goodman also begins to whine about his high moral intentions, and how he really aimed to make vice unattractive, thereby in a measure lending power to the outrageous imposition on the part of our moral censors.

Advanced men and women are beginning to see that the whole scheme of curtailing human expression, in whatever form, is rooted in our present-day morality, imposed on us by the State and the Church for the protection of their crimes against humanity. It is precisely for this reason that libertarians will not stand for our moral sneaks who, like thieves in the night, creep into their lives and spread themselves in all their vulgarity. Anyone with a spark of self-respect and with love of freedom must oppose the invasion into thoughts and ideas, and must insist on untrammeled opportunity to express himself, whether by pen, brush, or speech, or in his personal relations, on the all-absorbing issues of modern times. That is the only way to rid society from its arch-enemies, the moral censors and inquisitors.

THE VALUE OF CHASTITY

By JOHN R. CORYELL

I REALIZE that it may seem odd that I should elect to discuss such a subject as this; particularly as this may be called one of woman's problems, just as marriage is called a woman's problem. Not long ago I heard a woman say that marriage, being a woman's problem, could never be properly treated by a man. I think she was mistaken. Any problem of life is man's problem quite as much as woman's, even though the bulk of the hardships in the problem seem to bear most heavily on woman. For, in the very nature of things, whatever affects woman in an almost equal degree affects man; for their relations whether physical or psychical are so close and constant that neither can be uplifted or degraded alone.

Now, as I view it, chastity in a true sense is just as much the concern of man as of woman, notwithstanding that it is the essence of the common understanding that

chastity is a concern of woman alone. In the abstract, chastity may be equally meritorious as an attribute in man and in woman; but in practice it is not expetced in man, while it is demanded of woman. In other words we here encounter the reproach so commonly heard that there is a different moral code for man than for woman. Chastity in woman is imperative; in man it is at best negligeable, and is usually accounted a ludicrous absurdity. It might be said that unchastity in man demanded an equal percentage of unchastity in woman; but this is very far from being the truth. The moral code, in words, demands an equal chastity in man and in woman; and transgression presupposes an equality in divine punishment. But whatever of punishment may be stored up for the unchaste in a future world, in this world, reprehension is reserved for the woman only. Not only that, but in order that woman may have the opportunity to remain chaste, provision is made for the expected unchastity of man. Indeed it is but stating the case moderately to say that it is and ever has been recognized by law and custom that while it may be difficult for a woman to remain chaste it is nothing less than impossible for man to remain so; and therefore we have what has always been known as the social evil —prostitution.

The social evil it is called, as if it were the paramount, the most important evil of all that are born of civilization. And it is also said of it that it is a necessary evil. Also that it is an inevitable concomitant of civilization. This is the same thing as saying that a certain number of women must be set aside for infamy in order that all other women may be chaste; for it should be borne in mind that lacking chastity, a woman is but the scum of the earth, no matter what the beauties of her mind may be. Society asks but this one thing of woman. It is true that man, in this matter, is at war with society; for by some strange perversity of conduct, he is continually engaged in the effort to make women unchaste.

Now there must be a reason for this singular state of things, and my object is to examine into the matter sufficiently to bring some of the truth to the surface. I don't mean the truth as to proper relation of men and women

to chastity, but the truth as to chasity, as to its value as a factor in life.

Our civilization is based on the idea of property in things. I beg to remind you that society is in no sense synonymous with civilization. It may seem to you unnecessary to say so obvious a thing, but I assure you that it is not alone the ignorant who confuse the two ideas, but many would-be teachers of the ignorant; just as they confuse society and the state with each other. Our civilization, then, is based on the idea of property in things. Woman from this point of view is a thing, a piece of property like any other. The value of a possession depends always upon its importance to the owner, which, in the nature of things, is increased by the desire of others to obtain it. So the value of a thing is seldom intrinsic but rather depends upon external conditions. As a horse has one value in New York City and quite another value on the remote western plains. If a man steal a horse in New York he will, if caught and convicted, be punished by a short term in prison. In the West, where the possession of the horse is commonly a vital matter, to steal a horse is to invite sudden death. So, in the days before there was private property in things, it would seem that chastity in man was not even dreamed of, and in woman was so little considered that there was no word for it. Woman, herself, was not yet property and her attributes as property had not been classified. You will understand this better if you turn to the birds or to animals. No one gives any thought to chastity in sparrows or wrens or crows because these birds are no one's property; but with the domestic chicken it is an altogether different matter. When a chicken fancier buys a pure strain of Plymouth Rocks, for example, it is a matter of great importance to him that his hens should be chaste; for if they are not, their progeny may be of less value to him than if he had had the selection of the father. So with dogs and horses and cows; the owner, with a definite scheme of breeding in his mind, will decide upon all the details of reproducing young; for arbitrary distinctions have been made between dogs and dogs; so that one mastiff may be worth ten dollars in the market and another, one thousand.

Chastity in his dogs and cows and horses and chickens has, consequently, a property value to the owner

Going back again to the time when man had not acquired the idea of property, woman was probably subordinate because of physical inferiority, induced perhaps by motherhood. And this is a point that should not be forgotten, that woman was a mother before ever man thought of making a piece of property of her. Then man acquired personal property and presently began to accumulate it. But you all know the story: man wished to hand out his property to the ones he loved best; and more especially in the days when love alone was the cohering force in family life, men loved their children more than anything else in the world; and to them he wished to leave his property. And, whereas he has loved all children before, he now narrowed his affections to his own small circle and demanded to know if the children to whom he meant to leave the things he had stolen and killed for, were his very own. Then he made the woman his property because he was the stronger; and the children of a slave are naturally slaves, so her offspring became his property, too. And now the female human being took on value as the brood mare does, or the Plymouth Rock hen. She might be silly or treacherous or weak or noisy or what not, so that she remained chaste. That became her private attribute from the beginning and is so now. It was not as a moral quality that her chastity was valued, although to keep her chaste she was threatened with the pains of a terrible hereafter in addition to the immediate pains of an outraged present. Indeed, for ages death was the penalty for female unchastity.

It may be suggested that such an attribtue as unchastity in man was also recognized in the long ago, and the commandment against adultery may be pointed to in evidence; but it must be borne in mind that in those days polygamy and concubinage, besides, were the common condition. You will always find man provided for either by a multiplicity of wives and concubines, or by the social evil; nor does the fact of occasional polyandry militate against this statement; for polyandry is the outcome always of economic conditions. Moreover, the

famous seventh commandment mainly serves to show that even so far back as the time of Moses man was engaged, as now, in striving to overcome in the property of other men, the very attribute he so much valued in his own. Just as the new adultery law proves that nothing in the way of moral or spiritual law has availed to deter men from the pursuit of that which is accounted of value.

I hope it will not be thought that I am prejudging the question of the moral quality of chastity when I say that it is manifestly an attribute of woman as a slave. She was made a slave logically enough, and logically enough the attribute of chastity was fixed upon her because that was all that made her of value under the circumstances. I am so afraid of being misunderstood in this matter that I must interject here the statement that I am not considering the ethical value of chastity as operating equally with men and women. My point is that there is substantially no such thing contemplated by our system of civilization as chastity in man, else the social evil would not be denominated a necessary one. I think it is just to say that chastity is demanded of woman in her character as man's property. There are, in fact, judicial decisions saying in plain words that a woman's chastity is the property of her husband or father, and that he can recover money damages for its loss from the man who has deprived him of it; but that no woman may claim anything for the loss of the chastity of her husband or father or son, or even daughter. In fact, it is easy enough to imagine the laughter that would greet the attempt of any woman to recover damages for the loss of chastity in a man. That it may be grossly unfair, never seems to strike anyone. Numerous recent cases in our courts show that a man may with impunity kill another, even without evidence of his guilt, on the charge of having robbed him of the chastity of a wife or daughter or betrothed.

It is customary to treat chastity as if it were a moral question, but the hollowness of such a pretence is apparent enough when it is considered that a lapse from chastity is of so much importance in woman, and of so little in man. Caesar divorced his wife, not because

she was guilty, but as he said, himself, because his wife must be above even suspicion. And Caesar was known as one of the most successful of men in depriving other men of the chastity of their wives and mothers. If chastity were moral and unchastity immoral, then it would not matter of what sex the unchaste was. Far be it from me to say what the ethical status of chastity is! But I do insist that chastity as we understand it is really the attribute of a piece of property. Do you suppose that it is only women of whom chastity is required? Why, anyone who has any acquaintance with sportsmen will know that many of them demand chastity of their guns and fishing rods, just as they do of their wives and daughters. That is to say a true sportsman will not lend his gun or his rod to another. I am not unfair in making this parallel between the wife and the gun and fishing-rod. The parallel is exact, and the conclusion to be drawn from it is that woman's chastity so far from being a moral quality is a mere commercial asset. If you ask what man's chastity is, I answer you that it is a jest and nothing more. It is not a thing to be given serious consideration.

In effect, what is chastity? Chastity in woman has always meant her physical fidelity to her owner. In man it has never meant more than abstention from injuring the property of other men. In woman it has meant physical fidelity to one man; to man it has meant only that he would not rob other men, but might have a number of women at his disposal, all of whom must be chaste because they were his property; and for no other reason. It is true that women have for ages joined in the demand for chastity in themselves, and have glorified it exceedingly. But is it not also true that the Chinaman is proud of his pig-tail, and makes of it an almost sacred possession? Nevertheless it is only a few hundred years ago that the queue was imposed upon the Chinaman by his foreign conquerors as a badge of servitude. Do not go to the slave woman for an estimate of chastity; go to the free woman if you will. What the slave does for the master is not and cannot be a virtue.

(To be continued)

MODERN SCIENCE AND ANARCHISM

THE Anarchist Group "Freedom," of London, has honored the 70th birthday of Comrade Peter Kropotkin by issuing a new edition of "Modern Science and Anarchism."* The book is not only a considerable improvement in a technical sense, but superior to the previous edition in the matter of general arrangement and wealth of contents. It offers a more harmonious and comprehensive view of the relation of Anarchist thought to the methods and results of modern science, and clearly outlines the rôle of the Anarchist spirit in the popular movements of ancient and modern times.

With every succeeding chapter the reader gains the increasing insight that Anarchism is by no means the vague fantasy of persons of moody or conspirative tendencies, but that it is in vital touch with the every-day struggle of the people, collective and individual, and that it is closely kin to progressive effort in every field of human activity.

Truly inspiring is the joyful faith and innermost conviction of Comrade Kropotkin that the Anarchist idea is the permeating spirit of all peoples struggling for liberty and that, in spite of all misunderstanding, villification and persecution, it will triumph over ignorance and prejudice. The beauty and courage of this conviction affects one like the rays of the sun shedding warmth on a heart that often turns chilly and cold amid the petty sordidness of every-day life.

But not only comrades should read the new edition of "Modern Science and Anarchism," to find therein inspiration for renewed propagandistic activities. Every one interested in Anarchism, whether as thinker or writer—be he objective or antagonistic—should familiarize himself with the book.

It is surprising how little is known about Anarchism even in cultured, educated circles. A volume has recently appeared with the promising title, "The Anarchist

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*To be had through MOTHER EARTH, Cloth, 50c.

Ideal,"† by R. M. Wenley, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan. The book is very disappointing. It contains a series of lectures, only the first of which attempts, very unsuccessfully at that, to present the Anarchist ideal. The title was evidently chosen with an eye to arousing curiosity, which after all proves that Anarchism is considered a subject of interest to a widening circle. After a formal, colorless reference to Emerson and Thoreau, the author dives into ancient Greece, without again emerging to the surface of the present. A long line of names of ancient thinkers, philosophical systems, gods and goddesses, is made to pass review before us, as in a procession, till it finally becomes clear to the reader that the learned Professor's conception of Anarchism is a "return to the original purity of nature," while the author voices his own opinion in conclusion that "the cure for the known defects of civilization is—more civilization."

The Professor is as innocent in regard to the understanding of the Anarchist ideal as an embryo. Anarchism is by no means opposed to more civilization, though it is not indeed in sympathy with the specific brand of capitalistic and state civilization that finds its expression and strength in exploitation and coercion. Anarchists want more civilization, of the kind that means the liberation of the inherent qualities and possibilities that are at present suppressed by special interests, priviliges and traditions, and stifled by a civilization that is out of joint with the increased material and mental development of our social life.

Such false, inadequate and wrong estimates of the Anarchist ideal, as the example we have quoted, would not be possible if the works of Anarchist thinkers and writers, like Peter Kropotkin and others, would be more generally read. Instead of drawing one's meager information about Anarchism at second and third hand, from books often vitiated by prejudice and even by conscious misrepresentation, it would be more advisable to study the literature of Anarchism from original sources.

From "Modern Science and Anarchism" one may learn

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†"THE ANARCHIST IDEAL," R. M. Wenley, Richard G. Badger, Boston. $1.25 net.

that natural science, philosophy and sociology, since the days of Diderot till the present time, have achieved results that have prepared fertile soil for Anarchist thought and philosophy. These sciences have especially this in common with Anarchism that they bow neither before the authority of sacred revelation nor of learned fossils, be they older even than the deluge. Like Anarchism, these independent sciences have declared war against all metaphysics, in the misty folds of which the counterfeiters of truth have sought refuge since time immemorial. They have weighed the dogmas of religion, society and dominant morality, and found them wanting. And while they continue to make daring hypotheses and to revise or substantiate them according to observation and experience, Anarchism gathers the results and embodies them in seething life, that they may hasten the revolution in thought and in deed, necessary to the final achievement of man's ancient ideal of equality and social justice.

It is this inspiring idea that underlies, as Kropotkin so well shows, all the popular movements of ancient and present times. It was the light that illumined the way of the peasant uprisings of the middle ages, even if expressed in now obsolete religious forms. It inspired poor city people to rebel against the greed of patricians and tyranny of church and government. It was the background of the battles of the Great French Revolution and, later, of the Commune. And it is now, clearer and more vital than before, permeating the thoughts of individuals, groups and masses throughout the world.

The most valuable result of Kropotkin's critico-historical review in "Modern Sicence and Anarchism" is that independent science—*i. e.,* the science that does not wax fat and docile at the crib of the masters—is the truest ally of the people in their struggle for liberty and well-being. The science that seeks to obscure the light of knowledge for the many, so that its rays may shine the more brilliantly upon the chosen few, is the official, subservient and dependent science. It serves the powers that be and its vaunted objectivity and impartiality is an empty pretence.

The new edition of "Modern Science and Anarchism" is a valuable addition to Anarchist literature and a worthy contribution to general scientific research.

MISTAKEN ASPECTS OF SOCIALISM

By M. Baginski

WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING has written a new book* that really proves him to be what his conservative comrades regard him—the *enfant terrible* of the Socialist party.

Eagerly, with great heart hunger, Walling set out to find the Socialist philosophy in the Socialist movement. He searched ardently, on the highways of travel and in the bypaths of learning. But alas! Strain his eye and his mind as he would, his quest was in vain. Not that Walling could not see straight; no, he was not affected with myopia. Deep down in his consciousness he must have felt that his failure was due to the almost tangible emptiness that yawned all around him.

What disconcerting disappointment! The cold reality perplexed him. And indeed, how passing strange! A movement bearing the label of Socialism there surely was; but the modern revolutionary philosophy on which it was suposed to be based was entirely missing.

On his tour of investigation Walling came across State Socialism, municipal Socialism, parliamentary cretinism; he met Socialist politicians grown hoarse shouting for office; diminutive statesmen that lacked only a seat in Congress or Parliament to convince the world that they could eat from the hand of the masters as tamely as their bourgeois predecessors. Only live, revolutionary thinkers and philosophers of Socialism Walling failed to find. It was just these his brooding mood yearned to embrace.

To be sure, the mighty shades of Marx and Engels held up a warning, menacing arm. Had they not—ah, long, long ago, when they had not yet become mummified, and while they were still in all their glory as living dogmatists—had they not then, once and for all, laid the foundation of scientific Socialism, immune and impregnable to the storms of time. With severe schoolmaster mien they had banished the ingenious founders of modern Socialism—Saint Simon, Fourier, Robert Owen and

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*"THE LARGER ASPECTS OF SOCIALISM," by William English Walling. Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

others—out of the true fold, and forever excommunicated and demolished the bastard offspring of "utopian" Socialism, and solemnly decreed that they alone were the true fathers of the only legitimate "scientific Socialism."

Marx butchered philosophy in his polemic with Proudhon; Engels followed his master's footsteps in his attack on Eugen Duehring and his criticism of Feuerbach. In the latter work he modestly confided to the world that henceforth all philosophy was doomed, its last hour struck since he and the Master begot the materialistic conception of history. A bit ungrateful to philosophy, considering that both discoverers of "scientific Socialism" repeatedly admitted that in concocting their dialectic—that was to make their dotcrine as invulnerable as the dragon fat made Siegfried—they had freely borrowed from that incarnation of impossibilist philosophy, Hegel.

After that, could any but the veriest heretic dare to go hunting for the philosophy of Socialism?

A Socialist heretic indeed, Walling cannot find the philosophy of the larger aspects of Socialism in the Socialist movement. He must borrow it from thinkers and writers that would have been ridiculed and scorned by the popes of "scientific Socialism" as wretched dilletants and cheap eclecticians. Walling borrows the much-wanted philosophy partly from Anarchism, but mainly from pragmatism. Stirner, for instance, he levies upon without stint, though with a shamefaced diffidence that does not permit itself to betray the least reference to Anarchism. In this connection Walling might have allowed himself greater candor of expression, since he agrees with the basic view of the Anarchists that future society will be "created by human voluntary agency." True, the author very frequently quotes Marx and Engels, but one feels that their role is rather that of sedate chaperons whose mission it is to guard the company in the "Larger Aspects" from becoming too mixed and disreputable for a good Socialist. It would never do to exclude the famous Socialist authors from a work on the larger aspects of Socialism, and therefore they must be taken into the ark, but at heart one feels more drawn to their antipodes, Nietzsche, Stirner, and Dewey, the

spokesman of the pragmatist wing that, according to Walling, has given birth to the Socialist philosophy.

We are afraid that Walling, who feels himself a revolutionary Socialist, will be sorely disappointed among the pragmatists. That tendency of thought is chiefly represented by some university professors. They emphasize that all theory and philosophy is worthless unless it can be applied in the actual relations of life; an experimental philosophy, of use only in the degree of its practical value. It seeks to free man from the tyranny of absolute truths, from the stupidity of final, infallible systems, and of the dogmas and superstitions resulting therefrom. Its philosophy may be loosely worded in the sentiment of Heraclites that all things are in constant flux, ever changing.

It sounds very daring when the pragmatists say that "man is the maker of the universe." That is good medicine against fatalistic determinism and the rigid environment theory of one-sided Darwinism and Socialism, that leads to the reactionary view that the fate and destiny of man is determined by environment, and is not to be changed by his own initiative and effort.

The Anarchists have little objection to this critical attitude of pragmatism to the absolute and moribund that still strives to feign the virility of life. Much less perhaps than Walling himself, who in spite of all heresy is by no means free from the bondage of the above mentioned rigid environment spook, as when he says, for instance:

"Pragmatism, if the new philosophy continues to bear that name, will rapidly annihilate the reactionary philosophical theories spun out on the older 'scientific' basis. And finally, Socialism, armed with the new philosophy, will revolutionize all civilization and culture—as soon, that is, as economic and social conditions permit the masses to realize and to utilize the new science and the new philosophy."

The State Socialists, whom Walling hates so courteously, will, we are inclined to believe, cheerfully subscribe to this sentiment. It is just what they are continually dinning into the ears of the people: Be patient; don't dream of already now changing our civilization

and culture by revolutionary effort, for the "economic and social conditions will not permit it."

He who looks upon "conditions" as the supreme arbiters of man's destiny is still immersed in the swamp of old dogma. "Conditions" are no omnipotent godheads that grant or refuse "permits" to man. It is much rather the lack of revolutionary initiative and insurrectionary courage that supports the continued existence of conditions long decayed and ready to make place for something new.

So far as pragmatism seeks to break down old idols and demolish their pedestals, we give it our hearty concurrence. But it is increasingly apparent that even in this negative sense the new philosophy will not reach very far. It lacks the most important element of a really revolutionary philosophy; that is, a revolutionary social vision. It apparently accepts, "practical" as it claims to be, existing society and conditions as the basic reality, with the purpose of experimenting with it. In other words, pragmatism remains hopelessly confined within the limits of established environment, so that it can lead only to a cheap rationalism and reformism. The practical application of the pragmatist philosophy will very likely find expression in a higher development of efficiency methods. Walling may live to see pragmatism grow closer to the Brandeis and Taylor systems than to Max Stirner, who—by the way—is long dead and therefore unable to protest against being invoked in "The Larger Aspects" as a witness in favor of the grandeur and beauty of the pragmatist philosophy. Or still more likely, pragmatism will remain the pale child of professorship, a stranger to man's social struggles, and will languidly drag its theoretic existence in the universities.

After reading Walling's book, one faces the comical dilemma: the Socialist movement has failed to create a Socialist philosophy; it was pragmatism that created the philosophy of Socialism; but this creating pragmatism has unfortunately no life of its own and has developed no active movement. Truly, a new edition of immaculate conception!

On the whole, however, the "The Larger Aspects of Socialism" is to be recommended to our readers. It is sincere, though at the same time an involuntary good

joke. It is wrong in its premises and in its conclusions. But the author is well read in his subject and related branches, and his work affords the reader intellectual diversion and sheds an occasional light upon an angle that may have escaped one less familiar with the heterogeneous library of Walling. His exposition of Nietzsche is especially good. One thing is certain: the author of "The Larger Aspects of Socialism" is very hospitable intellectually. His desperate attempt to corral the philosophy of Socialism, at any cost, is almost pitiful. To impress Stirner and Nietzsche as the co-founders of that philosophy and to turn them out into the world stamped "comrades," is so desperate an effort that the official representatives of the Socialist party must have been shocked with surprise and indignation.

* * *

A CALL TO LABOR

To All Organized Labor—

FELLOW-WORKERS:

We, the workers of Canada, are face to face with a situation that demands the immediate action of all organized wage-workers irrespective of their craft, label or affiliaton.

The conditions of the striking coal miners of Vancouver Island, and the lengths to which our masters are going in their efforts to suppress them, has reached such a stage that we must call upon the whole of organized labor to take such action as will force the release of those awaiting sentence and those already sentenced; and we hereby notify all labor, that the I. W. W. locals throughout Canada are already prepared to co-operate with them in any way that will effect the release of these victims of capitalistic oppression, and we urge the toilers of America immediately to take the necessary action.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

PRESS COMMITTEE,
Industrial Workers of the World,
L. U. 322, 34 Cordova St., W., Vancouver, B. C.

NOTICE TO FRIENDS IN SANFRISCO

A FEW weeks ago, at the conclusion of Miss Goldman's lecture course here on the "Modern Drama," you gave me your name as being interested in The Co-operative Little Theatre Group it was proposed to form in this city, whose aim was to establish a little theatre where modern drama would be produced at popular prices. I was put in charge because of my interest and experience in such work.

Before actually going ahead with the matter, I came to the conclusion that in order to have such a proposition successful, it would require three months full time, if not longer, to develop sufficient interest, necessary funds, and all details, commercial and artistic.

At the same time an idea which had been slowly evolving for some while strengthened into a conviction, viz., that every individual should produce at least the equivalent of what he uses—something up to this time I have not done.

This meant either going on with the theatre and not being consistent with my principles, or dropping the theatre project until I was economically independent.

I chose the latter, and, therefore, my interest and activity in the enterprise is at present postponed, but not definitely abandoned.

I understand Mr. Shipman, however, is proposing to carry on the project, although plans at this time are not definitely forthcoming.

Sincerely,

BERTHA FISKE.

Statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., of Mother Earth, published monthly at New York. Publisher, Emma Goldman, post-office address, 74 W. 119th St.; Editor, Alexander Berkman, 74 W. 119th St.; Business Manager, Dr. Ben L. Reitman, 74 W. 119th St. Bondholders and securityholders—there are none. Owner, Emma Goldman, 74 W. 119th St.

(Signed) BEN L. REITMAN, Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of October, 1913.

(Signed) I. WILLIS,
Commissioner of Deeds, New York City.

[SEAL]

(My commission expires March 30, 1914.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

WAR—ITS HORRORS AND BENEFITS. J. M. Peebles, M.D.

THE PROBLEM OF RACE REGENERATION. Havelock Ellis. Moffatt, Yard & Co., N. Y.

COMRADE YETTA. Albert Edwards. Macmillan Co., N. Y.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER? Edna Smith-Deran, Kalamazoo, Mich.

WOMEN AS WORLD BUILDERS. Studies in Modern Feminism. Floyd Dell. Forbes & Co., Chicago.

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV. Feodor Dostoyevsky. Macmillan Co., N. Y.

THE ETHICS OF FREEDOM. Edwin C. Walker, 244 W. 143d St., N. Y.

UNTIL THE DAY BREAKS. W. L. George. Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.

FREE SPEECH FOR RADICALS. Theodore Schroeder. Free Speech League, N. Y.

LA VIE NATURELLE. Henri Zisly, Paris.

WHO ARE THE QUACKS? Dr. B. Liber, New York.

WITCHCRAFT AND OBSCENITY—TWIN SUPERSTITIONS. Theodore Schroeder and Dr. Havelock Ellis. Free Speech League, New York.

REPRESENTATION AND THE STATE, MILITARISM AND REVOLUTION, THE REBEL AND HIS DISCIPLES. Guy Aldred.

APES AND PATRIOTISM, THE EXTINCTION OF MANKIND. Sir Walter Strickland. Guy Aldred, publisher, London, England.

A PREFACE TO POLITICS. Walter Lippmann. Mitchell Kennerley. 50c.

CRIME AND ITS REPRESSION. Gustav Aschaffenburg. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE SON OF A SERVANT. August Strindberg. Putnams, New York.

THE NEW AMERICAN DRAMA. Richard Burton. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. $1.25.

THE DRAMA TO-DAY. Charlton Andrews. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and London. $2.00.

THE AMERICANS. Edwin Davies Schoonmaker. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. $1.50.

PROFESSOR BERNHARDI. Arthur Schnitzler. Adapted by Mrs. Emil Pohli. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, $1.00.

AMERICAN SYNDICALISM. John Graham Brooks. Macmillan Co., New York.

THE THEORY OF SOCIAL REVOLUTIONS. Brooks Adams. Macmillan Co., New York.

LAND AND LIBERTY. Wm. C. Owen. Mexican Liberal Party, Los Angeles.

AUGUST STRINDBERG. Studies and Impressions. L. Lind-Af-Hageby. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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